We ſtrugled,but a fowler ſtrength then his
Ore threw me with his armes ,then did he bruize me
And rent my fleſh,and robd me of my haire
Like a man mad in execution
Made me vnfit to riſe and follow him.
Wi. What is it has beguild him of all grace?
And ſtole awaie humanity from his breſt?
To ſlaie his children,purpoſ'd to kill his wife,
And ſpoile his ſaruants.

Enters two ſeruants.

Ambo ſir, Pleaſe you leaue this moſt accurſed place,
a ſurgeon waites within.
Wi. Willing to leaue it,
Tis guiltie of ſweete bloud ,innocent bloud,
Murder has tooke this chamber with ful hands,
And wil nere out as long as the honſe ſtands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Husband as being thrown off his horſe, And falls.

Hu, Oh ſtumbling Iade the ſpauin ouertake thee,
the fiftie diſeaſes ſtop thee,
Oh,I am ſorely bruiſde, plague founder thee,
Thou runſt at eaſe and pleaſure,harr,of chance
to Throw me now within a flight oth Towne,
In ſuch plaine euen ground, ſfot,a man may dice vp
on't,and throw awaie the Medowes ,filthy beaſt.
Crie within Follow,follow,follow.
Huſ. Ha? I hear ſounds of men;like hew and crie:
vp ,vp,and ſtruggle to thy horſe,make on

dil-

Diſpatch that little begger and all's done.
Kni. Heere, this waie,this waye:
Huſ. At my backe? oh,
What fate haue I,my limbes deny mee go,
My will is bated, beggery claimes a parte.
Oh could I here reach to the infants heart.

Enter M. of the Colledge, 3. Gentlemen, and others with Holberds.

Finde him.

All. Heere,heere, yonder,yonder.
Mr. Vnnaturall, flintie, more then barbarous:
The Scithians in their marble hearted fates,
Could not haue acted more remorſeleſſe deeds
In their relentleſſe natures,then theſe of thine:
Was this the anſwear I long waited on,
The ſatisfaction for thy priſoned brother?
Huſ. Why,he can haue no more on's then our skins,
And ſome of em want but fleaing.
1. *Gen.* Great ſinnes haue made him impudent:
Mr. H'as ſhed ſo much bloud that he cannot bluſh:
2. *Ge.* Away with him,bear him a long to the Iuſtices:
A gentleman of woorſhip dwels at hand,
There ſhall his deeds be blazd:
Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory tis to haue my action knowne,
I grieue for nothing,but I miſt of one:
Mr. Ther's little of a father in that griefe:
Beare him away.

Exeunt.

Enter